

I Picked You Out, I Shook You Up by moonflowers

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Summary:

Steve has a new Neighbour.

I Picked You Out, I Shook You Up

Author's Note:

They're aged up a few years, like mid twenties. I'm writing a long old slow burn thing and I just wanted some quick fun in the mean time. So here's a smush of as many 'hot neighbour' tropes as I could fit in. Sorry in advance for where it cuts off haa.

Title and lyrics Steve sings in his kitchen are from Human League's Don't You Want Me, because apparently even in a modern AU, I can't help but drag in eighties music.

Steve liked his apartment. Granted, it was a little rough around the edges; not fitted with every single chrome-finished, state of the art, smooth-lined commodity that his father insisted on, nor was it full of the latest colours and designers and food fads his mother favoured. But honestly, once he'd gotten used to it, it was a relief. Sure, there was a patch of mould in the bathroom that wouldn't shift, the shower had a habit of getting stuck on cold, and the lock on the front door was a bit dodgy, but it could definitely have been worse. It was his, and he liked it.

Like any sensible person would, Steve was enjoying the privilege of a rare Friday off work by chilling in his underwear and eating whatever he liked. He was working his way through the dregs of the kitchen cupboard - it was grocery day tomorrow and he'd just gotten paid, so everything was fair game. At that particular moment, it was pop tarts, box still a third full and the counter already littered with empty packaging. He'd take out the trash later, he was feeling too good to worry about something so small for the moment. His good mood stumbled a little though, when a stranger suddenly let themselves in through his front door.

“Yeah, yeah, I know I’m late, please don’t be a dick about it - ”

A teenage girl with bright red hair came to an abrupt halt when she looked up and caught sight of Steve, mouth full of strawberry pop tart and keenly aware of the pineapple print of his boxers. He really needed to get the dud lock on his door seen to.

“Shit,” she said eventually, rolled her eyes and looked at Steve like he was some kind of inconvenience, which Steve thought was pretty rude considering she was the one who’d just barged into a stranger’s apartment. “I specifically asked him not to have any half naked guys over while I was here, for fucks sake.” She looked like she was fighting the urge to stomp her foot.

“Excuse me?” Steve was still hopelessly lost on the whole situation, but his good host instincts and years old politeness stamped into him by his mother were making him wonder whether he should offer her the last pop tart.

“I mean, he only moved in last night!” She was barely even paying attention to Steve as she ranted, swinging her arm about like she had an audience. “How did he find someone to bang so quick? Like, can he not go one day without some dude draped all over him? And after I put all of our shit aside and offered to help my goddamn slutty brother unpack, he can’t even listen to the one thing I asked him to do.”

“I’m sorry, I really don’t - ”

“I told him! I told him, ‘Billy, this better not be like the time I came to pick up my bag and you were eating brunch off of that guy who works in the coffee place.’ Worst thing is, I really liked the coffee there, and now I can’t go in in case I see that guy and have to relive it - ”

“Wait,” Steve managed to cut her tirade short, and clung on to the one bit of useful information he’d gotten out of it. “Who’s Billy?”

“What do you - ” her face creased in confusion, finally lost for words, before her eyes went wide. “You’re not fucking Billy?”

“Uh...” Steve really had no idea who this Billy was, but considering he hadn’t had sex with a guy since last month and he definitely hadn’t been called Billy - coincidentally, his name had also been Steve, which had made things weird enough in the bedroom that a second hook up was completely off the table, and he’d only been out with a couple of girls since to take the edge off the weird - he was pretty sure he wasn’t mistaken. “No. Although he sounds like a pretty good

time." He bit back a smile at the wince that put on her face. "And who are you, by the way?"

"I - this is number 223, right?"

"Yeah, it is," Steve nodded, "but it's just me here. No Billy's."

"Oh." She frowned in thought for a moment, before the figurative penny suddenly dropped, and she lit up with anger again. "He gave me the wrong apartment number on purpose."

"I'm... really not following."

"I know he did! It's the sort of thing he thinks is funny."

"Really?" Steve might have thought it was funny too, if it wasn't him being caught out in his underpants eating breakfast straight out of the box.

"Urgh, that asshole!" She spun on her heel and stomped to the door, turning to look back at Steve like he was an afterthought. "Sorry for bursting in on you."

"That's okay?" He wasn't all that sure it was, but what else could he say.

"Why wasn't your door locked?"

"The uh," he waved his hand loosely at the door, "the lock's a bit messed up."

"Right," she half smiled. "I'll give my brother a kick from you too, if you want."

"Thanks, I guess," Steve smiled back. "It's really okay though."

"Well. Bye."

She let herself out, clicked the door firmly shut behind her, and leaving Steve wondering what the fuck had just happened.

Steve was warm and cosy, stretched out on his couch in a pile of throw pillows his mother had insisted on buying him in a weird, misplaced gesture of affection when he'd moved out. It didn't quite make up for the years of 'Oh, I could have sworn your birthday was on the seventeenth,' but he knew it was her way of saying she *did* care, despite the slip-ups. He'd had a bit of a shitty night's sleep, as he did on occasion, that had left him feeling odd and groggy all morning. By early afternoon he'd given up any hope that he'd actually make it through the list of chores he'd given himself and opted for a nap instead. He was drooling on the most ridiculous of the cushions - there was a parrot on it - one leg hanging over the edge of the couch and sunlight from the window all down his back and it was absolutely fucking perfect. Or it was, until the music started.

He was fully awake in an instant, one arm numb from where he'd been sleeping on it, and trying to place the screaming, thudding music. It sounded like the sort of thing his dad's brother used to play in his van on the rare occasion he'd picked Steve up from school as a kid. He'd been part of some eighties metal tribute on his spare evenings, until he and the rest of his band had moved out of Indiana to work on it full time. Yeah, they didn't talk about his Uncle Dave much; any mention of him had made Steve's dad's eye twitch. The music currently assaulting his ears was possibly Mötley Crüe, but Steve mostly didn't care as long as it fucking stopped so he could go back to sleep. With a groan, he flopped off of the couch to figure out where the music was coming from. It sounded like it was outside, which made very little sense. He stomped over to the window, rubbing at his temple and ready to be furious at whatever asshole was blaring hair metal at what was clearly a perfectly normal hour for people to be trying to catch up on their sleep. But one glance outside, and his annoyance disappeared. Or didn't disappear, so much as get totally eclipsed by what he saw.

The tiny balcony opposite his - they could barely be called balconies they were that small, but Steve loved having it all the same - held a small stack of half-unpacked cardboard boxes, and a man. The most stupidly gorgeous man Steve had ever seen, and that included the time he and his mom had chanced upon Tom Cruise on a flight to New York. Not that he was really Steve's type, more his mom's, but

still, celebrity points or whatever. The man was leaning on the rail, cigarette in one hand and a book in the other, too far away for Steve to read the title, but close enough to see the crinkle of his forehead as he read, eyes narrowed in concentration. He blew smoke lazily from the side of his mouth, Steve's eye following the movement, then slipping further down to where his shirt pulled tight across his chest. He looked fucking *built*. His hair was curly, soft and goldish, tied back away from his face. Steve thought he caught a flash of silver from an earring, and felt his knees get a little weak. He had a type, alright? Steve wasn't sure if it was a reward or a punishment when the man put the book aside and held the cigarette carefully in his mouth as he pulled his shirt over his head. His chest was fucking perfect too - like photoshopped level of perfection - all sharp cut and bronzed tan, a deep vee of his hips and pecs that Steve wanted to... well he wasn't quite sure what he wanted to do to them, but definitely something. Frankly, it was too fucking much and Steve was still feeling too dozy to know what to do with it, so he went to find some earplugs and lie down again. He didn't get any more sleep.

'Easy to look after,' Nancy had said with a smile when she'd given him the tiny potted cactus as a moving in gift. Yeah right. Easy to look after, and Steve had still somehow managed to fucking kill it. Not like Mr 224, who had soon replaced the cardboard boxes on his balcony with basically an entire garden. It was full of potted plants and bright flowers, but also vines that crept along the rail that Steve didn't much care for. He couldn't name any of them, but it didn't matter all that much - point was they were green and very much alive. He looked up from his stubbornly dying little cactus on the windowsill to admire said balcony, then really wished that he hadn't.

His stupidly gorgeous neighbour was stretched out on a sun lounger, bare-chested - because of course he fucking was - with who Steve guessed was his boyfriend sitting in his lap. He didn't really spare the second man much attention, was more focused on the ice cube his neighbour plucked out of one of their drinks and put between his lips, waited for his boyfriend to duck down to kiss him, and slide it into his mouth instead. He watched them lazily pass it back and forth awhile, until Mr 224 got bored, grinned and crunched it up.

Steve was done. He was already all hot and frazzled after a shitty day at work, his fucking cactus had lost the will to live, and then he had to watch his fucking beautiful asshole of a neighbour engage in what was essentially foreplay on his balcony. It annoyed the hell of him, and he couldn't say why.

A few days later, and Steve concluded the guy he'd seen his neighbour with on the balcony couldn't have been his boyfriend. He was on his way to work one morning, just shutting the front door when he saw Mr 224 kicking a different guy out of his apartment, sex-rumpled and grinning lazily, a hickey on his neck and wearing nothing but briefs. Steve wasn't sure if it made him feel better or worse.

"Hey buddy," Steve grinned as he let Dustin in, didn't ruffle his hair like he used to, because he was getting kinda tall and wasn't so much of a kid as he used to be.

"Hey Steve, my man," Dustin grinned back and handed him a bag stacked with tupperware, "this is from mom."

"Tell her thanks," he took the bag to start going through what he could freeze and what he'd leave in the fridge. Mrs Henderson routinely sent Dustin over with food for him, even though he'd moved out of Hawkins over a year ago. "You forgot last time and she phoned me up to check everything was okay, you little shit."

"Steve, we both know she always phones you anyway. She needs validation on her chilli. You know this."

"Fair point."

Dustin's visit was dual purpose that time - to bring over the food, and to see what was up with Steve's wif. It had been real slow the past couple of weeks, which made no sense because he purposely got a decent package - ha - slow internet really pissed him off. He liked his Netflix efficient, okay, when he wanted to watch the entirety of Glow

in one go, he didn't want to wait for it to fucking buffer. Dustin had him turn off everything in the apartment that used wifi, then checked the router.

"Yeah, see right here," he pointed the little light at the bottom, "it's still flashing. Means there's someone else connected."

"Oh," Steve said, bent to study the little light like he knew what Dustin was talking about, "right."

"Yeah, sucks. I'll get the bastard though," he said cheerfully, and turned his phone on again. "Check this out. I downloaded this app when I thought Mr Jenkins next door was stealing mom's wifi."

"Dude, he's like 90."

"Age is just a number Steve, and that old geezer looked suspicious."

"Was he stealing it?"

"...No, as it turned out," he squinted at his phone for a moment, before he grinned and shoved the screen under Steve's nose. "Got him!"

"Yeah no, I don't know what I'm looking at here buddy." It was just a list of numbers and words that meant nothing to him.

Dustin talked him through it. Apparently whoever was stealing his wifi had a pretty old model of laptop - which Dustin snorted over a little - though the name of the device didn't really give them any clues. It also brought up their user history, a short list of some oddly named sites. Before common sense kicked in and told him not to, Steve reached out to open one of them.

"This one looks familiar..."

"Oh my God Steve, don't - " But it was too late, and the garish purple theme of a porn site popped up, and a video of a guy going solo started playing. "Son of a bitch," Dustin came to his senses first and closed the site, "don't just fucking click links Steve, did I teach you nothing?"

"Yeah sorry," he said, "that was dumb."

"Yeah it was," Dustin said and slid his phone back into his pocket. "But at least now we know your wifí thief's doing nothing weirder than watching porn. You say that site looked familiar, huh, Steve?" Dustin smirked at him.

Steve felt a bit hot at the back of his neck. "Shut up, or you're not getting any of the lasagne I know your mom put in that bag."

"What? Steve, buddy, my best friend - "

"Quit your bitching and go turn on the oven."

Later that evening and long after Dustin had gone, Steve was getting ready for bed. He made his usual circuit of the apartment, switching some lights off and leaving certain ones on, when his eye caught on something bright through the window in his hot neighbour's otherwise dark apartment. It was a laptop, screen bright with a very familiar purple header, the very one that he'd seen on Dustin's phone a couple of hours back. *What a dick*. Steve gaped at it for a moment before wondering why was he even surprised, and went off to bed in a huff, thoughts still half on the video of the porn actor jacking himself off.

"Don't you want me, baby?" Steve sang, mostly in tune, as he danced his way past the window to the fridge. "Don't you want me? Oh-oh-ooh!"

Steve had a special place in his heart for a good eighties pop song, alright? It was catchy, it was easy to dance to, and he was in a great mood. He'd woken up fairly early, but he'd had the best night's sleep he'd had in a while and he was feeling good. The sun was out, there was bacon for breakfast, he'd splashed out on fancy coffee, and his neighbour -

His neighbour was was doing chin ups. Shirtless chin ups from a bar in the doorway of his balcony. Shirtless chin ups from a bar in the doorway of his balcony while chewing gum. Which Steve was pretty

sure was a choking hazard, but that didn't stop his attention from flying up to Mr 224's mouth every time he heard the snap of him popping a bubble. Was he actually allergic to shirts, Jesus Christ.

He pulled the blind over his window shut out of spite, and went to put the coffee on.

"Either of you guys want another drink?"

"No thanks."

"I'm good thanks, Steve," Nancy said, shot a look at Jonathan while Steve helped himself to another beer. By now, Steve would have thought she'd known that he could see her doing it.

"Just me then," he said, and popped the cap off another bottle. He may have drunk a majority of the six pack Nancy and Jonathan had brought with them, but honestly, he was a little stressed. And Nancy, as ever, could read him like a book.

"Steve, are you okay?" she said from where she was perched on the edge of the couch, "you seem a bit, I don't know, tense?"

"I'm fine," Steve said, leant against the counter, and really shouldn't have been surprised she'd picked up on the fact he was a bit out of sorts, "why wouldn't I be?" Once, he might have said it a little sourly, but it was years since he and Nance had split, mostly amicably, and slightly under a year since Jonathan had slid an engagement ring onto her finger. They were his best friends, and he was glad he had them.

"I haven't seen you this on edge since all that trouble with Will," Jonathan said, voice lowered. Steve winced, and instantly felt guilty about being overdramatic. This was nothing like that.

"Shit, it's nothing, really," he said, "nothing dangerous, and nothing you guys need to worry about. It's just... a little trouble with my new neighbour." He shot a quick look across to his balcony, even though it was dark out and the blinds drawn.

"Oh," Nancy said, obviously surprised, "you don't get on?"

"It's not that..."

"You've fallen out over something?" Jonathan asked.

Steve grimaced, and took another swig of his beer. "No, not quite."

"Then was is it Steve?" Nancy huffed, obviously relieved it wasn't anything too serious, and impatient for Steve to spill.

"Okay," he exhaled long and slow, "this is going to sound dumb, but... he's just always right there. Out on the balcony, like just smoking, or reading, doing fucking chin-ups or trying to crawl down some guy's throat, which hello, other people live here who might not want to see that, y'know?" He could feel himself building up steam, but it was too late to shut off his rant now he'd started, weeks of frustration boiling over. "He's such an asshole. Like, I can tell, you know some people just have an asshole look about them? And he's fucking stupid hot, like straight out of a magazine hot; one of those guys in an ad for cologne or watches that makes no fucking sense but they're all oiled up and standing in front of the ocean. Asshole looks like a fucking Greek statue. And I'm starting to wonder if he's actually allergic to clothes? Like if I have to look at his goddamn pecs one more time, I might not be responsible for my actions." He trailed off, shrugged and took another sip of his beer, feeling like a bit of a twat. "So y'know. Nothing major."

"Um..." Nance and Jonathan were looking at each other, having a whole conversation with their eyes that Steve couldn't quite figure out, but was pretty sure it wasn't going to be something he wanted to hear.

"What?"

"Steve," Nancy cleared her throat, swallowed, "do you think it's possible you maybe kind of... like, this guy?"

He blinked. "What?"

"What she means is," Jonathan said, "that you definitely like this guy."

"I - " Steve started, took a moment to think about it, before realising that actually, it was pretty typical behaviour for him when he was crushing. Hell, back in high school when he'd started liking Nancy, most of his grades had taken a big hit purely because he couldn't concentrate on anything but her. He'd even lost friends over it. "Fuck."

"Yeah," Nancy said, "question is, are you going to do something about it?"

A few days later, and a lot of time spent on thinking about what Nance and Jon had said, and he was starting to wonder if they had a point. The whole thing was stupid though; the way he was acting, it just as well be high school all over again. He'd never even fucking talked to the guy, just unwittingly spied on him thanks to their stupid balconies being opposite each other. Steve's feelings about his balcony were a lot less good than they used to be. But he'd figured out he had two options - either talk to him or forget about him. Simple. Yeah fucking right. Actually, scratch what he'd said before, high school Steve would have fucking sucked it up and gone for it, balls to the wall, without all the dithering.

He was so busy running through it all in his head for the thousandth time, that he left his keys in the apartment, a fact he didn't realise until the door was already shut behind him and he was out in the hall.

"Shit."

He turned around to go back inside and grab them, but his fucking dodgy lock had turned on him once again and locked itself behind him. Fuck. No big deal though, it had happened before and was more of an inconvenience than anything else. All he had to do was call up the maintenance guy from the main office across town to come and let him in with the spare. He'd be late for work, but it was a valid excuse. But when he pulled his phone out of his pocket the battery was dead, because he was terrible at keeping it charged and of course it fucking was. He looked up and down the hall in a futile effort of finding some other way to fix things, and his attention landed on the door of number 224. That was that then, fuck it. Looked like he was

going to be talking to him after all. He knocked on the door, running through a mental list of ways to ask if he could use his phone that didn't make him sound like a complete idiot, but no one answered. He knocked again, a little more desperate, muttering to himself.

"For fucks sake you're always here shoving your perfect chest in my face until the one time I actually need you, you dick - "

"Can I help you?"

Mr 224 had appeared behind him out of nowhere, actually looking surprised to see Steve at his door, eyes all wide and fuck, Steve had never seen him so close before, how were they so blue? But it fluttered away quick enough, and he settled back into the slick asshole Steve had always thought of him as.

"I, uh - "

"Am I dreaming, or is that you Mr 223?" His voice was low and rough, the kind you could feel through your chest, which Steve shouldn't have been surprised about given the pile of cigarette butts on his balcony, and the universe for being just that unfair as to give this dick a sexy voice on top of everything else. He was chewing gum again, and Steve's eye couldn't help but drop to his full lips.

"Yeah, I uh," *fucking eloquent Steve, you used to be smooth, come on*, "the lock on my door's busted. I need to call the maintenance guy, but my phone's dead too. Pretty unlucky, huh?" he laughed, hoped it sounded less nervous than he felt. "I just wanted to ask if I could use your phone."

"Aw," he said with a pouty little smile that had Steve smiling back without a second thought, "so you're not here just to see me?"

"Not this time," Steve said, and Mr 224 looked pleasantly surprised with the comeback. Looked like old Steve hadn't completely left the building.

"You'd better come in then, sweetheart," he gently shouldered past him with a smirk to unlock the door. He smelt really fucking good, looked really fucking good - all lazy smile and gold skin and tight

denim - and fuck. There was only one way Steve wanted this to go.

"Y'know," hot neighbour said once he'd shut the door behind them and settled to lean back against the kitchen counter, arms spread wide and hips canted forward, "I'd been thinking about poppin' around to borrow a cup of sugar ever since I moved in."

Steve's mouth got a little dry. "Yeah?"

"Mm," he said, looked Steve up and down with slow and careful intent, "you looked like the kind of guy I might want to get to know. But after I saw that guy and chick leaving yours the other night, I figured you were fucking one of 'em. Or both. Didn't want to step on any toes."

Steve felt himself get a little flustered at that, but he fought it down, didn't let it show, because he was not going to lose to this dick. "I did, actually," he said, voice carefully even, smirking just a little. "Just Nancy though."

"I'm guessing that's the chick."

"Well done."

"I'd ask if that means you're exclusively into chicks," he said, blew one lock of artfully curled hair out of his eyes, "but I've caught you staring through my window enough times to know that ain't true."

"Firstly, it's not my fault our balconies line up," Steve said, drawing closer, letting his voice drop low too, raking his eyes over the other man in return, letting himself look now he was certain it was welcomed, "and second, if I didn't know any better, I'd think you liked the attention."

"I can't think what you mean," he grinned, sharp and pleased and a little lop-sided.

"Do you ever wear a shirt?" Steve countered.

He gestured down at himself, just about contained under a thin, white tee, stretched taught across his pecs and nipples obvious underneath. Shit. "Sure I do."

"Hmm," Steve reached out to tug on the hem, feeling the warmth from his toned belly on the back of his knuckles. "Lucky shot."

"Don't feel bad," he purred, pushed forward a little into the touch, "its not like you were the only one looking."

"What?"

"You think I didn't notice you, pretty boy?" He ducked to practically purr into Steve's ear, cigarette smoke and minty gum and old fashioned, spicy cologne. "That big ol' dick of yours swingin' about under your sweats when you're dancing in your kitchen?"

"I - what?"

"That's the thing about windows, baby. They work two ways."

"I know how windows work, asshole," Steve said without heat, letting his nose brush against his. "I meant, I didn't know you were looking."

"I wasn't looking, exactly," he said, "you were just hard not to notice." He looked pointedly down to the front of Steve's jeans. "You're a big boy, huh."

"I've been told." It was hard not to preen a little at that, okay?

Mr 224 laughed, breath warm on Steve's cheek, a touch sour with cigarette smoke mostly covered by the gum he was still chewing. "Not just that though."

"No?"

"I'm a man of complex taste, sweetheart," he said grin a little blurred by how close they were standing, waves of heat rolling off of him that had the back of Steve's neck sweating and his hips tipping closer of their own accord. "You have a cute ass, too."

Steve snorted softly. "Romantic." Their lips touched, and he moved back a little to stay just out of reach.

"I've been told," he echoed Steve.

There was a beat of silence in which Steve decided he'd had enough of their extremely thinly veiled flirting, of watching him through the window and wondering, and put an end to it. He crowded the other guy up against the counter, the little huff of surprise he let out encouraging him, using the inch of height he had on his stupidly hot neighbour to his advantage.

"You gunna kiss me, pretty boy?" Their lips were already touching.

"Was thinking about it," Steve said, and closed the gap.

Mr 224 kissed exactly like he looked like he would; hungry and hard and with an edge of desperation, tongue insistent and teeth on Steve's lower lip. Steve gave back as good as he got though, tugged at his full lower lip and lifted a hand to curl into the soft gold of his hair. His neighbour returned the favour by placing a large, rough hand on Steve's neck, reeling him in harder. Steve groaned, felt it echoed in the other man's chest. Feeling bolder by the minute, and definitely no longer coy about where things were headed, he slipped a knee between his neighbour's thighs, slid a hand down to palm at the tight swell of his ass through the denim, pulling him forward to rock against Steve's thigh.

He whined, high and surprised in the back of his throat, drew away from Steve to pant against his mouth. "Fuck. You're perfect."

"I haven't decided yet," Steve said, hand tightening in his hair, "I might have to kiss you again."

He cackled, and hauled Steve in for another filthy kiss.

"Billy!" the door swung open, hard enough that it banged against the wall and bounced back, "I thought you were going to call me when - you've got to be kidding me."

Steve tried to jump away from at the interruption, but his neighbour didn't let go, laughed into Steve's neck. He 2as back to chewing gum again - fuck knows what he'd done with it while they were kissing. "Hey, Max."

"Oh my God Billy, why are you like this?"

"Like what?"

"Always about two seconds away from getting your dick out when I come to visit you."

Billy, apparently, pulled away from where he was tonguing Steve's throat enough to look at whoever it was who'd let themselves in. Steve still wasn't feeling quite brave enough to look her in the eye. "That is definitely not true."

"Ha!" The girl laughed slightly manically. "Yeah right, like you - " she paused. "Wait. It's *you*."

When no one said anything, Steve eventually looked up at her, having a horrible feeling about where things were headed. Sure enough, it was the same redheaded girl who'd burst into his apartment a few weeks back. "Uh. Hello again."

"But," she frowned, "you said you weren't fucking Billy!"

"Wait," Steve looked back and forth between them, or as much as he could when his leg was still being held captive between Billy's thighs. "You're Billy?"

"That's me," he grinned, swiped his tongue over kiss swollen lips, "I like hearing you say it, pretty boy."

"Oh Jesus." Steve could practically hear the girl, Max, rolling her eyes. Honestly, he sort of agreed.

"Hang on," Billy said, brow creasing up a little, before his face brightened in delight. "No way. You're the pop tarts and pineapple underwear guy with the cute butt Maxine thought I was fucking?"

Max screeched. "I did not say he had a cute butt."

"It was implied," Billy said, smirked up at Steve.

"Oh my God," Max said again, glaring at the both of them before she turned to storm out of the door. "You know what, I don't have to put up with you two idiots. You can find a birthday present for Susan on your own."

"Okay, bye," Billy said flippantly, dipped to kiss Steve's neck some more, barely paying attention to her groan and the door bang behind her.

"I told her you sounded like a good time," Steve said once Max was gone and Billy was nipping at his ear, "looks like I was right."

"Mm," Billy said, "let me prove it to you."

Author's Note:

I know there are a couple of ways you can figure out if someone's stealing your wifi and stuff, but I sort of fudged it a bit. Writing two guys hooking up when you don't know one of them's name is hard.